### TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP.

"You think I am dead," The apple tree said. Because I stoop

And my branches droop, grow!

But I'm alive in trunk and shoot; The buds of next May I fold away But I pity the withered grass at my

root."

I am safe and sound.

"You think I am dead," The quick grass said. blade But under the ground

With the snow's thick blanket over me laid. I'm alive and ready to shoot, Should the Spring of the year Come dancing here: But I pity the flower without branch

or root." "You think I am dead," A soft voice said "Because not a branch or root I own? I never have died, But c'ose I hide

In a plumy seed that the wind has sown, hours.

You will see me again-I shall laugh at you then. Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers." -EDITH M. THOMAS.

# The Town Clock.

BY ANNIE WESTON WHITNEY. The heat was terrible; but Barbay ful. calico gown giving her a bright, fresh looking bundle. She smiled happily as she hurried on, her thoughts all of had made soft, comfortable cushions. Father, dear Father, to whom she was

day.

She looked a moment longer, but Harper! she was so sorry for him, because his little baby boy was dead.

She was at the foot of the long flight of steps now; the steps leading to Father, dear Father, the Town Clock; for strange as it may seem, there is in one of our Southern cities a town clock whose only face is a human face; whose only hands are human hands, and whose machinery is the muscle of a

strong man's arm. Any one else might have thought the long flight of steps leading to the tower a tedious climb in the heat; but Barbay only stopped a moment to look up. She loved the long climb, because it took her always nearer dear Father; and then it seemed so odd to be going up. up over the tops of the houses and stores, and to look down every little while through the funny little windows and see the people growing smaller and smaller until they looked like fairies then to look up at the beautiful sky and wonder about the dear Heavenly Father who loved every one so dearly and who watched over them always. Up higher and still higher the little feet climbed, until there was only a wooden

door between her and Father. Softly she opened it and peeped in. "Bless my soul and body!" said a pleasant voice; and the next moment Barbay was in her father's arms.

"What brought you here this hot day, Sweetheart, and what's in the bundle?" he asked, after she had almost smothered him with kisses.

"The dressmaker next door let me do an errand and gave me this," said Barbay, taking up the bundle she had laid aside and proudly displaying a big cantaloupe.

"And you brought it for Father to look at?" he said, with a twinkle in his eye.

"For Father to eat," she said, sweet-

"You always remember your old father, Sweetheart," he said, lovingly. Well, I will try to manage one-half if you'll attend to the other. I could not possibly eat more than that while you are here. It would be so impolite, you

know." "If I go away will you eat it all?" she asked, again putting her arms round his neck, but looking into his face as though she loved every curve and impress on it.

"I could not touch it. I would be so disappointed," he said taking off her hat and kissing her forehead. He always called her his little sweetheart; but every one else called her Barbay, a it sound so to those who were listenname she had given herself when she was very little.

It was in a queer corner of a still queerer room in this tall tower that Father—or to her—if it was all wrong? | companions, fell from a tree upon one they sat down by a narrow table pushed close to the wall to enjoy their feast.

A hanging supboard, from which a couple of spoons, some salt and a knife were taken, suggested certain house- he had been kind to him. keeping arrangements, while on the There were footsteps on the stairs. stand him under the tree, and then, if

deed, there were only corners in which to hang things, for the sides of the "Because I have never a leaf to show, the city in all directions. But the most curious thing in this curious room was the great bell, reaching almost from And the dull-gray mosses over me the ceiling to the floor; a tongueless, clapperless be.l. that had made no motion of any kind since the day it had been placed in position, many, many years ago. Hanging in another corner was the iron hammer that, guided by the hand of him who watched in the tower, struck on the rim of the great record of the passing of time over the "Because I have parted with stem and alternately waking and sleeping city. The fourth corner held the tall, oldfashioned clock, as old as the bell itself, that had served in all that time, to tell the exact moment when the town clock must strike. To Barbay it was a matter of great interest; for its face was always changing as it told of the moon and the tides and the seasons.

"Barbay," said her father when their feast over, he saw a rapidly ap- too." proaching storm; "much as I love to have you here, I must send you home now as fast as you can go. You would not like to be way up here in such a

are bringing us." "Oh, Father," said Barbay, "I should not mind anything where you are. Let Patient I wait through the long winter me stay, please. I love to watch the clouds play hide and seek from here."

> He looked at her hesitatingly a moment, and as he did so a sudden flash of lightning almost blinded them, while great drops of rain splashed on the windowsills. There was hardly time to him.' close the windows before the flashing and booming of the heavenly artillery began; for it was one of those storms that come suddenly, only to leave a sad story behind.

To Barbay it was grand and beauti-It seemed as though she could did not seem to mind it as she hurried look right into Heaven if the flashes along the close, dusty street, her clean | would only last longer, she seemed so close to it. She could not talk, but look that it did one good to see on such looked occasionally at her father, who a day. In her arm she carried a queer- smiled on her from his seat in the great easy chair for which Mother shoulder.

Suddenly she wondered what made her feel so queer, and why she was on Stopping as she reached the City the floor. She must have been asleep. and hopefully, up at the tall tower what made her go to sleep all in a mo- Come and tell me how you made the big reaching so far, far above her. A ment. And Father, why he had fallen brighter smile came into her face as asleep in his chair too. Dear Father, be at home with his little baby boy.

Would he sleep long and get rested, Father was not to be seen; dear Father she wondered. Before Father came who was so good and kind and whom the Town Clock had fallen asleep and everybody loved. And why shouldn't failing to strike the hour on time, had gently and drew her to him, his eyes they? How could they help it, and how been discharged. It gave her such a glistening and a lump rising in his could they do wi ... out him? Why, happy, helpful feeling to think she was throat, as he thought of all she had Father was the old Town Clock, or one- here now to wake Father in time. She gone through. half of it, as Mother used to say, Mr. was so glad she had stayed. She would it would soon be time for the town clock to strike.

then up at the rapidly moving clouds, too tired to strike; that was all." already being kissed by the Sun, as he bade them a loving good-night. She from view leaving such beautiful and again. hopeful promises behind. But better still she loved to be here with her Father when he watched over the don't mind anything"-and putting her had stayed till they could hear him call out, so loud and clear, "Twelve o'clock,

and all's well!" Sometimes he was forced to rouse the sleepers when a fire broke out, lest or destroyed. No wonder every one loved the Town Clock who warned them of danger and watched over them sleeping or waking.

It was time to wake him now, "Father," she said, softly, going to his side. "Father," she repeated loud-

er, as he did not reply. How soundly he slept. She called, called again and again, even shook him; but he would not wake. What must she do? If she could not wake him, the clock would not strike and they would discharge him as they did the other man; and then what would become of Mother and the children?

With the tears rolling down her cheeks, she made one more agonizing effort to waken him, and then looked in helpless despair at the clock and at the motionless bell. Suddenly a thought came to her that made her start and tremble. Could she? Dare she, She must try for dear Father and the Mother and children.

Climbing on a chair, she took down the hammer that felt so heavy, and then, pushing the chair close to the great bell, she climbed into it again, this time on her knees so she would be where she could strike well. Her little eyes went up to the clock, that still marked one second of the time. She was not too late.

Clang - cla-ng - cla-ng - cla-ng cla-ng - cla-ng - clang.

The hammer dropped to the floor, of fugitive pieces. and burying her face in her hands on the rim of the bell, Barbay caught her breath and gave a terrified sob.

Had she counted right. It had never sounded so before. It seemed as though the first sound had deafened all tives of the dead person, they, if they the others and would never stop. Did ing? Did everybody know it was not was removed. A traveler, recently re-Father, dear Father? How dreadful turned from that country, tells of a it all was! Would they do anything to case, wherein a boy, playing with his

still slept! Mr. Harper would soon currence was brought to the notice of come now and let him go home. He the district chief, whose council, after

table were pen, ink and paper, with a Mr. Harper was coming. No, there they could, put him to death by falling book or two, evidently taken from the were voices. In an instant Barbay was on him from the same tree.

hanging shelves in another corner. In at her father's side and, putting her arms round his neck, kissed the white. tired face and called him by every enroom were great windows looking over | dearing name she could think of. As the door opened, she drew her arms more tightly round him, as though she would protect him from threatened

"Hulloa! What's this?" said the Mayor, as he and the janitor entered. "Don't, please don't let them discharge him," said Barbay, her big, sad eyes looking anxiously at the two men. "He couldn't help it, indeed he could not; for he's been the Town Clock all bell those clear, loud notes that kept day and night. Oh, don't-please don't!" she pleaded, the tears begin-

ning to roll down her cheeks. "This is more serious than I thought," said the Mayor, gently drawing the child away, and putting his ear down to her father's heart.

"How long has he been this way?" he asked quickly.

"I don't know. I went to sleep all of a sudden, and when I waked up I was on the floor, and Father was asleep

"Get a doctor here as quick as possible," said the Mayor to the janitor. "He is stunned and may be so for hours; but I think he'll come out of it storm as those angry looking clouds all right. I confess I do not know what to do myself."

"Now," he said, turning to Barbay, who was again leaning protectingly over her father, "tell me who made the clock strike just now?" With a terrified look Barbay crept

closer to her father as she said: "Oh, please, I couldn't wake him; and I was afraid they would discharge

"Well," said the Mayor, "who made the clock strike?" "I did," said Barbay, trembling all

over. "You," said the Mayor, looking her over carefully-"you made the big town clock strike?"

"Please, please, don't let them do anything to Father!" said Barbay. "I tried so hard to do it right.'

She half sobbed out the last words, as her head went down on her father's The Mayor's eyes threatened to give

him trouble, as he said kindly: "Come here, little woman. Do not be afraid. No one shall do anything Hall, she looked up, half expectantly She picked herself up and wondered to your father that you do not like.

clock strike." Encouraged by his words and by the loud, clear and distinct came from he looked so white and tired; but then tone of his voice, she loosened her hold above the clang-clang-clang he had been the Town Clock all day of her father and had soon given an -clang-clang that told the hour of and all night, so that Mr. Harper could account of how she had tried to be the Town Clock.

> "Did I count all wrong?" she asked, wistfully. "Oh, it was so dreadful!" The Mayor put his arm round her

"You are a dear, brave little woman." Harper being the other half. Poor Mr. let him rest a few moments longer, but he said, earnestly, brushing her hair back from her eves. "Yes you counted all right and everybody knew what She stood at one of the windows and as though it was almost too weak and looked down, down on the busy city, time it was; but the old clock sounded

> "And they won't discharge Father?" "No, he shall not be discharged: but loved to watch him from here as, his I think we must see that he has a few day's work done, he slowly disappeared days rest before he goes to work

> "Oh." gasped Barpay-oh, how beautiful! Then I don't mind-no. I sleeping city. Once she and Mother head on the Mayor's shoulder, she burst into tears.

> The next day the story was told all over the city of how the tall tower had been struck by lightning and the Town Clock had been stunned and uncontheir beautiful city should be damaged scious for hours; and of how Barbay, who had been stunned too for a few moments, had tried to be the Town Clock herself, so that Father, dear Father, might not be discharged.-The Independent.

> > Two Musical Prodigies.

Most of the boy prodigies who have come to the front of late years have been musicians. Two very noticeable examples of this variety of child wonder are still fresh in the minds of New Yorkers-Josef Hoffman, the boy pianist, and Bronislaw Hubermann, the boy violinist. Hubermann was born in Warsaw in 1883, and after a few lessons from a local teacher was placed under the tuition of Joachim. He eemed to learn both the technique and the forms of composition by instinct. Joachim declared he could teach him nothing, and when Goldmark heard him play be said that hereafter he would believe in miracles. When he was here last year at the age of 13. he was one of the finest professional players on the violin in the world

Little Josef Hoffman was a professional pianist as well as a composer when he was seven years old. He was born in 1877. He was compared with Mozart, who at the age of four was a good player and at five years was attempting composition. When Mendelssohn was twelve years old he had composed five symphonies, two operas and part of a third, besides a great number

## An Eye for an Eye.

In Abyssinia it is the law that the murderer be turned over to the relaplease, to put him to death in the same manner in which the murdered person She looked up. how soundly Father of them, killing him instantly. The ocwould not mind his going to s'eep, for deliberation, decided that the dead boy's relatives might take the offender,

## NO IES AND COMMENTS.

The New Orleans Picayune says that is a true one. "a few swallows of book beer makes a man feel like spring." And a few more make him feel quite fall-like.

Last year a Chicago girl took a header from her bicycle, and was pick- was a power and her people more en- noise, followed bp a sharp spat; the ed up by a young doctor, who married lightened than any other known to young wiseacre lay supine upon his her the other day. We predict that bi- exist. With such a background, it is back with his eyes and forehead plascycle accidents this year will be more small wonder indeed that she has held tered with a disgusting mixture of numerous than usual.

A Nebraska legislator has introduced a bill making it a misdemeanor for any citizen to have in his possession a deck of cards with more than four aces or kings in it. In many sections of the West this is a capital offense which calls for a funeral, and Nebraska shows marked forbearance in refusing to make it at least a felony.

shire, England. Twenty-five years ago Crete, she will have added 300,000 more the houses of the village belonged al- to the sum total of her inhabitants, most exclusively to the Bridgewater and a territory of 150 square miles. To-day, out of 140 houses, eighty-one her further claim to the perhaps unenare inhabited by their owners. The viable distinction of being more thick-Rechabite Tent has a membership of ly populated than any other country 270; the Band of Hope, 285.

The Rev. Dr. Mayo declared the other day that "the sixteen Southern States are to-day paying as much for the public schools as the British Parliament votes every year for the public school system of the British Islandsbetween \$29,000,000 and \$30,000,000." And he adds that since the war the South has expended "\$250,000,000 of its own money for education-\$75,000,000 of it for the children of the colored

system for teaching her mendicants trate a region never before entered by the nobility of labor. The municipali- civilized men. The route for three ty maintains extensive establishments marches was over boulders along the where the poor are permited to earn bed of the Ranganadi, and the preciby congenial labor all the comforts of pices in the gorges had to be surmounta model home. The city not only en- ed by bamboo ladders. After this came ables them to earn food and shelter in the crossing of a range of mountains homes that represent the highest type 8,000 feet high, then the descent to of cleanliness and sanitation, but she the Pangi river, and the crossing of strips each unfortunate of his rags another range of 7,000 feet. After and tatters and puts him in clean rai- some further difficulties the plateau of

to more than \$2,000,000, but large as nificent paddy crops are raised. Primthat sum is, it will hardly suffice for roses, daphne, wild strawberries, raspthe work that is to be performed. The berries, and currants abound, and most gratifying feature of it is that the sum is great enough to show that sympathy has been awakened in England for the condition of the people 4,000 houses, are allied in race to the in India, and as a consequence it is Abor Daphlas, but are especially disreasonable to expect that the government will be compelled to undertake reforms which will go far toward removing the cause of famines in the fu-

vegetarianism a member of the Ethno- tions with the Lamas of Taibet. graphical Society in Paris read a paper before that body a short time ago in which he insisted that cannibals are exceedingly strong and vigorous, far exceeding in strength those tribes not addicted to such food. He said that the savages who abstained from human food rarely ate meat of any kind and were a puny lot. The most curious part of his argument was that the flesh of women was much more digestible and far more nutritious than that of men; many tribes recognize the fact and eat only women, until the

supply gives out. the big copper camp. The street cars tons of silver and nearly 2,000 kilo- terested in the appearance of het

The Overland Telegraph Line, which connects England with her great Indian Empire, passes through Persia, interruption of a serious character, due to the fanaticism of the populace. It seems that there has been a terrible drouth, which the subjects of the Shah, instead of attributing to Providence. ascribed on the contrary to the telegraph poles, and, above all, to the posts and signs of the survey department of the company. Accordingly all the obnoxious poles, wires and survey signs were destroyed by a priest-led mob. Strangely enough, heavy rain fell immediately afterwards, and now, in spite of the severe punishment inflicted by the Teheran Government upon the ring-leaders, the masses of firmly convinced that telegraph and skill in hitting the object aimed at. husband that it was some time before survey posts are productive of drouth and inventions of the devil.

Of the fourteen reputed centenarians hay. who died during the past year, no fewer than eleven were women, says the Illustrated London News. Out of the of this creature's power of expectoraone hundred and eighty-eight persons who were declared as over ninety years try beau, who came very near losing of age at death, one hundred and eight his sweetheart thereby. This young discovered the cause. Her better half were women. The superior longevity of the female sex is a well established fact. To some extent it depends, of edge sits enthroned in the temples of heel. He had been interrupted, it course, on their more sheltered way ot living, but by no means exclusively, as what they don't know is not worth when at leisure forgot to complete the the women of the laboring classes knowing." He was annoying the llama operation, and following the custom show a great vital tenacity as well as (the animal stood in the center of its inaugurated by "Diddie, diddle, dump those who have an easy time of it in pen, probably fifteen feet or more from ling, my son, John," went to the wed the world. The vital power of girls its tormentor) by throwing clods of ding with one shoe off and one shoe is shown in babyhood, for though one dirt at it and by beating on the rails of hundred and four boys are born to the pen with his cane. every one hundred girls, the females

her own in the memories and minds of saliva, hay, and mucus. men where other and greater nations have fallen into oblivion and left no shouldered her parasol and walked works behind them to rescue their away. name from everlasting silence. Greece I saw them again in the monkey is not a large country. No part of her house some time afterwards, but the is forty miles from the sea nor ten man was a changed being; he had from the hills. Her area is 24,977 learned his lesson in decorum; he had miles, a trifle more than one-half that been taught modesty by the good of the State of Pennsylvania. Her population, according to the last cen-

Some interesting facts have been sus, was 2,187,208, and should she, depublished respecting the teetotal col- spite the intrusiveness of the other liery village of Roe Green, in Lanca- European powers, succeed in annexing trustees, who employ most of the men. The addition of Crete would also give in Europe, with the exception of Sweden and Prussia. About one-half of her people are agriculturists and shepherds. One of England's little wars has just

been brought to a successful termination on the frontier of Assam. A tribe known as the Apatanangs had raided a tea estate in North Lakhimpur, murdering two native servants and carying away three others. Immediately a force of 300 military police under an English Captain was sent out to teach the Apatanangs a lesson. It The City of Paris has a wonderful started on Feb. 1, and had to penethe Apatanangs was reached. It is The London Relief Fund for the ten miles in length, is laid out in starving people of India now amounts terraces artificially irrigated, and magevery small hill is laid out with plantations of pines and dwarf bamboos. The Apatanangs, who possess about tinguished from their latter by their custom of wearing cane tails dyed red. The captives were recovered, and the offending villages punished, and six Daphlas prisoners were also released. In trying to make a point against that the Apatanangs have direct rela-One interesting discovery made was

applied to the working of the ancient El Dorado of the Iberian Peninsula. Mr. Harmony, United States Consul at Corunna, in a report to the State Department gives the views of American experts who have been investigating the mineral fields of Galicia, which have been famed for their riches from a very remote period. The Phoenicians, and later on the Carthagenians, worked the gold and silver mines of Spain. Hannibal extracted daily near Carthagena a quantity of those "There is but one genuinely live town metals equivalent to 6,000 pesetas (\$1,in the West," says A. W. Lyman, of 158). The most renowned of ancient Helena, Mont., "and that is Butte. The historians mention the riches of Iber-Anaconda copper mines, that vast con- ia in precious metals and relate that cern which makes a profit of from \$5,- in the time of Justinian gold was found 000,000 to \$6,000,000 a year, explains in the fields worked by the plough. the status there. It is employing more Pliny, the younger, says that in his men and has a bigger payroll than ever time 2,000 pounds of gold were exbefore, and its employes get the high- tracted annually from Galicia, Asturiest rate of wages paid anywhere. No as and Portugal. The immense quanwonder that Butte is prosperous, for titles of this metal drawn from Spain clear surface the women saw the rewhere several thousand men get steady restored and replenished Rome's public work and high pay there can be no treasury. Cato on his return from his place and had enjoyed the spectastagnation. Life is never stagnant in governing Spain handed over eighteen run all night and likewise the saloons, grams of gold. The discovery of the and if a man wants a shave at 2.30 a. New World put a stop to the mining m., he will find several barber shops industry in Spain, but it now seems probable that some of the famous old mines will be worked again on an ex- bland wall behind it no longer tells tensive scale. Rich ores of tin, copper and antimony are also common in this and has recently been subjected to an Consul Harmony says in any other district, and iron is so abundant that country but Spain it would have received special attention from the Government. A thousand million tons is the estimate of the quantity in Galicia alone. Consul Harmony says the question of gold is well worth the attention of American miners and inventors who have been used to work low grade refractory ores.

## An Expert Marksman.

The llama of South America is an expert marksman, though it never uses its craft in the procurement of its food. Only when annoyed and angry does he in his wishes to the bride. His the population throughout Persia are it give an exhibition of its wonderful wife was so filled with pride in her The llama's weapon is its mouth; its she discovered that he was limping bullet is composed of saliva and chewed | badly.

Several years ago at the fair grounds in St. Louis, I witnessed an exhibition tion, in which the victim was a counman was one of those self-sufficient had on one foot a healless slipper, and individuals who imagine that knowl- on the other a shoe with a military their own personal intellects; "that seems, while changing his shoes, and

I saw by the creature's actions that This year is the centennial of the sillancy before the end of the first year. its jaws indicated that it was preparing in Paris in 1797.

In other words, the belief of old nurses to attack its persecutor. I warned the that boys are harder to rear than girls young man, telling him what to expect; his sweetheart begged him to desist and There is, among the nations of the to come away. But he treated my world, none whose history is like unto warning with derision, and told the Greece. For centuries before history girl that "he knew his business." Sudwas made for modern eyes to read she denly there came a whizzing, whistling

"I hate a fool!" said the girl, as she

marksmanship of a llama,-James Weir, Jr., in Lippincott.

# HOW PRISONERS COMMUNICATE.

#### Ingenious Methods Employed by Them to Talk to Each Other. The prisoners make every conceiv-

able effort to hold intercourse of some kind with their fellow-culprits, if only to relieve the silence and solitudeintolerable to persons of their class, who have not sufficient cultivation of mind to supply them with food for thought. Knocking on the walls of separation between the cells, scratching sentences on the sides of the baths or the bottoms of the tins used to contain their gruel, and many other devices of that inadequate nature, are instantly detected and stopped by the officials. The chapel is perhaps the most favorable ground for enabling them to let their presence at least be known to acquaintances who have been incarcerated at an earlier or later period from themselves. The male and female prisoners are, of course. rigidly separated during the services. A high and strong wooden partition divides the portion of the building they respectively occupy, but they do not allow this serious obstacle to deter them altogether from the communications they specially desire to hold with the opposite sex. In singing the hymns they often try to introduce words of their own, or make very peculiar responses, which can be understood over the wall. A male prisoner will be afflicted with an extremely bad cough, which in measured attacks, maker known to a lady friend on the other side that he is "in quod," but he is seldom oppressed by this bronchial malady on more than one occasion, since the governor informs him that as his cough is so distressing, he is to remain in his cell, and not be exposed to the air of the chapel until he is better-a cure for his complaint which is at once perfectly complete. On the female side of the partition a woman permitted to take her infant, born in prison, to chapel with her, pinches the unfortunate mite until its shrill yells reveal her proximity to its father, at-

Modern mining methods and Ameritentively listening through the wall. Recently the governor of one of out county prisons was greatly perpleved by the discovery that the female prisoners in his charge managed in some mysterious manner to ascertain the presence of every individual man or the other side of the impervious dividing barrier. One of the women inadvertently let drop the fact that she had recognized her husband whose position there must, according to rule. have been completely unknown to her. None of the officers could account for an unpermitted knowledge which was found to be shared by all the other women. At last a very careful examination of the chapel gave an explanation of the mystery. Although strictly divided, as we have said, both the male and female prisoners faced the altar in their seats, and over it had been fixed a very large brass cross against the wall, so highly polished as to form a very good mirror. In its flection of every man as he passed to spouse, had made an imprudent remark to one of the officers, which revealed the fact. The brass cross inany secrets .- London Hospital.

> Why He Limped. A Washington correspondent sends to the New York Tribune a story of a Southern member of Congress "whose mind is never on earthly things." The daughter of one of his oldest friend: was to be married, and he was invited to the wedding.

> At the very last moment an affair of some importance demanded his attention, and he found it impossible to be present at the ceremony in church but he sent his wife, promising to mee her at the reception an hour afterward. They met accordingly, and no one of all the guests was happier than

"Are you lame, dear?" she whis pered. "No, certainly not," he said.

do you ask?" "You limp so," she answered. Then, looking down at his feet, she

have more than overtaken the defici- it was angry; the rapid movements of hat, which first came into common use